

SATURDAY, JUNE 23RD, 1906

she replied:

"You know me well enough, Prosper, to be sure that no blow can strike you without reaching me at the same time. You suffer, I suffer with you; I pity you as a sister would pity a beloved brother."

"A sister!" said Prosper, bitterly. "Yes, that was the word you used the day you banished me from your presence. A sister! Then why during three years did you delude me with vain hopes? Was I a brother to you the day we went to Notre Dame de Fourviers—that day, when at the foot of the altar, we swore to love each other forever and ever, and you fastened around my neck a holy relic and said: 'Wear this always for my sake, never part from it, and it will bring you good fortune!'"

Madeline attempted to interrupt him by a supplicating gesture; he would not heed it, but continued with increased bitterness:

"One month after that happy day—a year ago—you gave me back my promise, told me to consider myself free from any engagement, and never to come near you again. If I could have discovered in what way I have offended you, but no, you refused to explain. You drove me away, and to obey you I told everyone that I had left you of my own accord. You told me that an invincible obstacle had arisen between us, and I believed you, fool that I was! The obstacle was your own heart, Madeline. I have always worn the medal; but it has not brought me happiness or good fortune."

As white and motionless as a statue, Madeline stood with bowed head before the storm of passionate reproach.

"I told you to forget me," she murmured.

"Forget!" exclaimed Prosper, excitedly. "Forget! Can I forget! It is in my power to stop by an effort of will the circulation of my blood? Ah! you have never loved! To forget, as to stop the beatings of the heart, there is but one means—death!"

This word, uttered with the fixed determination of a desperate, reckless man, caused Madeline to shudder.

"Miserable man!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, miserable man, and a thousand times more miserable than you can imagine! You can never understand the tortures I have suffered when for a year I would awake every morning, and say to myself: 'It is all over, she has ceased to love me!' This great sorrow stared me in the face day and night in spite of all my efforts to dispel it. And you speak of forgetfulness! I sought it at the bottom of poisoned cups, but found it not. I tried to extinguish this memory of the past, that tears my heart to shreds like a devouring flame; in vain. When the body succumbed, the pitiless heart kept watch. With this corroding torture making life a burden, do you wonder that I should seek rest which can only be obtained by suicide?"

"I forbid you to utter that word," "You forget, Madeline, that you have no right to forbid me, unless you love me. Love would make you all powerful, and me obedient."

With an imperious gesture, Madeline interrupted him as if he wished to speak, and perhaps to explain all, to exculpate herself.

But a sudden thought stopped her; she clasped her hands despairingly, and cried:

"My God! this suffering is beyond endurance!"

Prosper seemed to misconstrue her words.

"Your pity comes too late," he said. "There is no happiness in store for one like myself, who has had a glimpse of divine felicity, had the cup of bliss held to his lips, and then dashed to the ground. There is nothing left to attach me to life. You have destroyed my holiest beliefs; I came forth from prison disgraced by my enemies; what is to become of me? Vainly do I question the future; for me there is no hope of happiness. I look around me to see nothing but abandonment, ignominy, and despair!"

"Prosper, my brother, my friend, if you only knew—"

"I know but one thing, Madeline, and that is, that you no longer love me, and that I love you more madly than ever. Oh, Madeline, God only knows how I love you!"

He was silent. He hoped for an answer. None came.

But suddenly the silence was broken by a stifled sob.

It was Madeline's maid, who, seated in a corner, was weeping bitterly. Madeline had forgotten her presence.

Prosper had been so surprised at finding Madeline when he entered the room, that he kept his eyes fastened upon her face, and never once looked about him to see if anyone else were present.

He turned in surprise, and looked at the weeping woman.

He was not mistaken; this neatly dressed waiting-maid was Nina Gipsy.

Prosper was so startled that he became perfectly dumb. He stood there with ashy lips, and a chilly sensation creeping through his veins.

The horror of the situation terrified him. He was there, between the two women who had ruled his fate; between Madeline, the proud heiress who spurned his love, and Nina Gipsy, the poor girl whose devotion to himself he had so disdainfully re-

jected.

And she had heard all; poor Gipsy had witnessed the passionate avowal of her lover, had heard him swear that he could never love any woman but Madeline, that if his love were not reciprocated he would kill himself, as he had nothing else to live for.

Prosper could judge of her sufferings by his own. For she was wounded not only in the present, but in the past. What must be her humiliation and anger on hearing the miserable part which Prosper, in his disappointed love, had imposed upon her?

He was astonished that Gipsy—violence itself—remained silently weeping instead of rising and bitterly denouncing him.

Meanwhile Madeline had succeeded in recovering her usual calmness. Slowly and almost unconsciously, she had put on her bonnet and shawl, which were lying on the sofa.

Then she approached Prosper, and said:

"Why did you come here? We both have need of all the courage we can command. You are unhappy, Prosper; I am more than unhappy, I am most wretched. You have a right to complain; I have not the right to shed a tear. While my heart is slowly breaking, I must wear a smiling face. You can seek consolation in the bosom of a friend; I can have no confidant, but God!"

Prosper tried to murmur a reply, but his pale lips refused to articulate; he was stifling.

"I wish to tell you," continued Madeline, "that I have forgotten nothing. But oh! let not this knowledge give you any hope; the future is blank for us, but if you love me you will live. You will not, I know, add to my already heavy burden of sorrow, the agony of mourning your death. For my sake, live; live the life of a good man, and perhaps the day will come when I can justify myself in your eyes. And now, oh my brother, oh my only friend, adieu! adieu!"

She pressed a kiss upon his brow, and rushed from the room, followed by Nina Gipsy.

Prosper was alone. He seemed to be awaking from a troubled dream. He tried to think over what had just happened, and asked himself if he were losing his mind, or whether he had really spoken to Madeline and seen Gipsy?

He was obliged to attribute all this to the mysterious power of the strange man whom he had seen for the first time that very morning.

How did he gain this wonderful power of controlling events to suit his own purposes?

He seemed to have anticipated everything, to know everything. He was acquainted with Cavallion. He knew all Madeline's movements; he had made even Gipsy become humble and submissive.

Thinking all this, Prosper had reached such a degree of exasperation, that when M. Verduret entered the little parlor, he strode toward him white with rage, and in a harsh, threatening voice, said to him:

"Who are you?"

The stout man did not show any surprise at this burst of anger, but quietly answered:

"A friend of your father's, did you not know it?"

"This is no answer, monsieur; I have been surprised into being influenced by a stranger, but now—"

"Do you want my biography—what I have been, what I am, and what I may be? What difference does it make to you? I told you that I would save you; the main point is that I am saving you."

"Still I have the right to ask by what means you are saving me."

"What good will it do you to know what my plans are?"

"In order to decide whether I will accept or reject them."

"But suppose I guarantee success?"

"That is not sufficient, monsieur. I do not choose to be any longer deprived of my own free will, to be exposed without warning, to trials like those I have undergone to-day. A man of my age must know what he is doing!"

"A man of your age, Prosper, when he is blind, takes a guide, and does not undertake to point out the way to his leader."

The half-bantering, half-commiserating tone of M. Verduret was not calculated to calm Prosper's irritation.

"That being the case, monsieur," he cried, "I will thank you for your past services, and decline them for the future, as I have no need of them. If I attempted to defend my honor and my life, it was because I hoped that Madeline would be restored to me. I have been convinced to-day that all is at an end between us; I retire from the struggle, and care not what becomes of me now."

Prosper was so decided, that M. Verduret seemed alarmed.

"You must be mad," he finally said.

"No, unfortunately I am not. Madeline has ceased to love me, and of what importance is anything else?"

His heart-broken tone aroused M. Verduret's sympathy, and he said, in a kind, soothing tone:

"Then you suspect nothing? You did not fathom the meaning of what she said?"

"You were listening!" cried Prosper, fiercely.

"I certainly was."

"Monsieur!"

"Yes, I was a presumptuous thing to do, perhaps; but the end justified the means in this instance. I am glad I did listen, because it has enabled me to say to you: Take courage, Prosper; Mademoiselle Madeline loves you; she has never ceased to love you."

Like a dying man who eagerly listens to deceitful promises of recovery, although he feels himself sinking into the grave, did Prosper feel his sad heart cheered by M. Verduret's assertion.

"Oh," he murmured, suddenly calmed, "if I only could hope!"

"Rely upon me, I am not mistaken. Ah, I could see the torture endured

by this generous girl while she struggled between her love and what she believed to be her duty. Were you not convinced of her love when she bade you farewell?"

"She loves me, she is free, and yet she shuns me."

"No, she is not free! In breaking off her engagement with you, she was governed by some powerful, irresistible event. She is sacrificing herself—for whom? We shall soon know; and the secret of her self-sacrifice will discover to us the secret of the plot against you."

As M. Verduret spoke, Prosper felt all his resolutions of revolt slowly melting away, and the place taken by confidence and hope.

"If what you say were true!" he mournfully said.

"Foolish young man! Why do you persist in obstinately shutting your eyes to the proof I place before you? Can you not see that Mademoiselle Madeline knows who the thief is? Yes, you need not look so shocked; she knows the thief, but no human power can tear it from her. She sacrifices you, but then she almost has the right, since she first sacrificed herself."

Prosper was almost convinced; and it nearly broke his heart to leave this little parlor where he had seen Madeline.

"Alas!" he said, pressing M. Verduret's hand, "you must think me a ridiculous fool! but you don't know how I suffer."

The man with the red whiskers sadly shook his head, and his voice sounded very unsteady, as he replied in a low tone:

"What you suffer, I have suffered. Like you, I loved, not a pure, noble girl, yet a girl fair to look upon. For three years I was at her feet, a slave to her every whim; when, one day, she suddenly deserted me who adored her, to throw herself in the arms of a man who despised her. Then, like you, I wished to die. Neither threats nor entreaties could induce her to return to me. Passion never reasons, and she loved my rival."

"And did you know this rival?"

"I knew him."

"And you did not seek revenge?"

"No," replied M. Verduret, with a singular expression, "no; fate took charge of my vengeance."

For a moment Prosper was silent; then he said:

"I have finally decided, monsieur. My honor is a sacred trust for which I must account to my family. I am ready to follow you to the end of the world; dispose of me as you judge proper."

That same day Prosper, faithful to his promise, sold his furniture, and wrote a letter to his friends announcing his intended departure for San Francisco.

In the evening he and M. Verduret installed themselves in the Archangel.

Mme. Alexandre gave Prosper her prettiest room, but it was very ugly compared with the coquettish little parlor on the Rue Chaptal. His state of mind did not permit him, however, to notice the difference between his former and present quarters. He lay on an old sofa, meditating upon the events of the day, and feeling a bitter satisfaction in his isolated condition.

About eleven o'clock he thought he would raise the window, and let the cool air fan his burning brow; as he did so a piece of paper was blown from among the folds of the window-curtain and lay at his feet on the floor.

Prosper mechanically picked it up, and looked at it.

It was covered with writing, the handwriting of Nina Gipsy; he could not be mistaken about that.

It was the fragment of a torn letter; and, if the half sentences did not convey any clear meaning, they were sufficient to lead the mind into all sorts of conjectures.

The fragment read as follows:

"Of M. Raoul, I have been very im-... plotted against him, of whom never-... warn Prosper, and then—... best friend, he—... hand of Mlle. Ma..."

Prosper never closed his eyes during that night.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DRINKERS TAKE HEED.

Corporations and Business Firms Becoming More Strict Regarding Employing Drinkers.

Over 2,000,000 of the best positions in the United States are closed to men who drink. In the centers of business men who are placed in positions of trust must be bonded by bonding companies, and not by their friends. One of the main questions that a bonding company asks of one to be bonded is "Do you drink intoxicating liquors?" and they will not bond one who is given to drink.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company not only insists on its men being sober but insists on their keeping out of the way of temptation. On one division the trainmen were given orders not to stop over night at the end of their division at a hotel that had a bar. The hotel near the depot closed the bar because they preferred the patronage of the railroad without drink rather than to lose this patronage and retain the sale of drink.

In Cincinnati a railroad employee lived next door to a saloon. He was much surprised one morning to get a notice from headquarters to change his place of residence or give up his position with the railroad. The only explanation given was that the railroad company did not care for any of its employees to be so closely associated with any saloon.

Yet there are those who are demanding that a saloon shall be placed in every soldier's camp.

WHO PAYS THE BILLS?

An Important Question Which the Tax Payer Should Try to Answer.

In Burlington, Vt., in one month, under license, 44 drunks took their alternative sentence of ten days in jail (who boards the drunks?) In St. Albans, in three months, 77 men took

their ten days in jail. (Who paid the bills?)

In Kalkaska, Mich., the chief clerk in a large department store felt it to be his duty as a citizen to complain against a certain saloon keeper, and he did so, and the saloon keeper had to pay the penalty of his violation of law.

The next day the saloon keeper called at the store where this clerk was doing duty and demanded of the merchant that he discharge this clerk forthwith. The merchant remonstrated. He was a valuable man—he could not well dispense with the services of this young man. "Then," said the saloon keeper, "you will pay me what you owe me." The clerk had to go. The saloon keeper, always doing a cash business, as against the merchant who had to do largely a credit business, had so prospered that he held a mortgage against the merchant, and the merchant (and there are others) had to bow to the saloon keeper's demand, and yet people would argue that the saloon helps business.

Three Beers a Day.

Two or three years ago a western merchant did some figuring as to the cost of beer. He inserted it in a local paper as a paid advertisement and it excited so much interest that it was sent as a special telegram to a Chicago newspaper. It was as follows:

"Look at this: Three beers a day for a year, would bring into your home one barrel of flour, 50 pounds of sugar, 12 pounds of cornstarch, 10 pounds of macaroni, 10 quarts of beans, four 12-pound hams, one bushel of sweet potatoes, 10 pounds of rice, 20 pounds of crackers, 100 bars of soap, three 12-pound turkeys, five quarts of cranberries, 10 bunches of celery, 10 pounds of prunes, four dozen oranges and 25 good beef-steaks."

They Don't Pay.

The saloon doesn't pay. As an economic measure it is an absolute failure. The only man who makes money out of the saloon is the keeper. In Monmouth, Ill., six saloons were licensed at \$1,000 each, and paid their license fees and began business. In less than two weeks from the time the \$6,000 license fees were paid in and the saloons opened, the "city fathers" voted an appropriation of \$5,300 for additional police protection to take care of the extra business those saloons were thrusting upon the city.

Why Some Men Drink.

Prof. William James says "An unhealthy minded person suffering from all sorts of regrets where ambitions and aspirations has been obstructed, suffers from bodily discomfort, not distinctly localized, but breeding a general mistrust, and state of depression. It is this condition that develops the thirst for alcohol, and more than half of all persons who drink, do so at first to secure the temporary anesthesia from these morbid feelings, which had they been normal at first would not have existed."

Self Indicted.

When they tell you that there is just as much liquor drunk with as without saloons they admit their connivance with lawlessness, for an anti-saloon administration could and would enforce the law. The saloon administration never wishes the law enforced. It destroys their arguments.—American Issue.

GIRLS STOP A RUNAWAY.

Two Brave Misses Risk Lives in Ending Mad Dash of Dray Wagon Team.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The presence of mind of two telephone operators who are employed at the Twin City telephone offices brought to an abrupt ending the mad career of a team of runaway horses hitched to a heavy dray wagon the other morning.

It was at the time that Miss Lillian Palmer and Miss Ella Peterson were being relieved for 15 minutes that they saw the team approaching at a blind gallop down the street.

The two girls left their seats in front of the building, and while Miss Peterson ran to the side of the road and caught the flying reins Miss Palmer circled to the other side of the horses and screamed. Between the two the horses were started into obedience to the tugging on the lines, and they were brought to a stop within a few feet of the spot.

The horses had evidently been standing waiting for the driver, when they were frightened either at a car or an automobile and started running. Fortunately there were no obstacles, as in the maddened condition of the animals it is doubtful if accidents could have been avoided had teams or people been in their course.

Hung Up by the Fingers.

Utica, N. Y.—Suspended by three fingers of his right hand for 30 minutes in an unoccupied house, unable to touch his feet to the floor or to release himself, was the agonizing experience of Henry Stoward, a carpenter, in Uradilla. Stoward was inspecting a house which he contemplated occupying and he ascended to the attic, drawing himself up through a manhole covered by a tight-fitting trapdoor. In descending the door dropped upon the fingers of one hand, pinning them, just as he was about to drop to the floor, only a few inches below his toes. His weight and struggles only wedged the door against his fingers the tighter. He was unable to raise the door with his other hand and there he hung for half an hour, until neighbors heard his groans and discovered his unconscious form suspended from the trapdoor.

Child Roasted by Young Girl.

York, Penn.—Lillian Thorman, a 13-year-old girl, pleaded guilty to killing Helena Dorsey, a three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dorsey. On Washington's birthday the Thorman girl, having become angered at something the little Dorsey child had done, placed her on a red-hot stove. The child died later. The Thorman girl added: "I did it because I have the devil in me."

The young prisoner will be sentenced on a charge of involuntary manslaughter.

Hard Fate.

Dora—How miserable Arthur looks since I rejected him! Clara—I don't wonder, poor fellow. Now he'll have to work for a living.—Tit-Bits.

Anything for Exactitude.

Misses (to servant)—Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps.

Biddy (new to service)—Yes, mum; where shall I spill it?—Royal.

Two Papas.

Upper-Ten Child—My papa is abroad. Is yours?

Lower-Ten Child—Yes. Mine is at large ag'in.—N. Y. Weekly.

Twentieth Century Cookery.

Mr. G. Ormandizer (struggling to carve the first turkey his wife ever cooked)—I say, Mary, the bones in this bird are thicker than a whale's—just hear the knife on them.

Mrs. G. Ormandizer—(almost crying with anxiety)—You must be against the shells, John.

Mr. G. Ormandizer—Shells?

Mrs. G. Ormandizer—Yes, John; don't you remember that you asked me to stuff the turkey with oysters?—Royal.

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Is the Female Department of the Order. It requires a membership of thirty persons to organize a court. Its members are pledged to exhibit Fidelity, exercise Harmony and prove Love one for the other. It pays an endowment and burial benefit of \$150.00. It pays \$3.00 per week sick dues. The only expense for regalia is the cost of the badge, 50 cents and a rosette, costing 25 cents for funeral occasions.

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